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THE  
ADELAIDE  
READERS

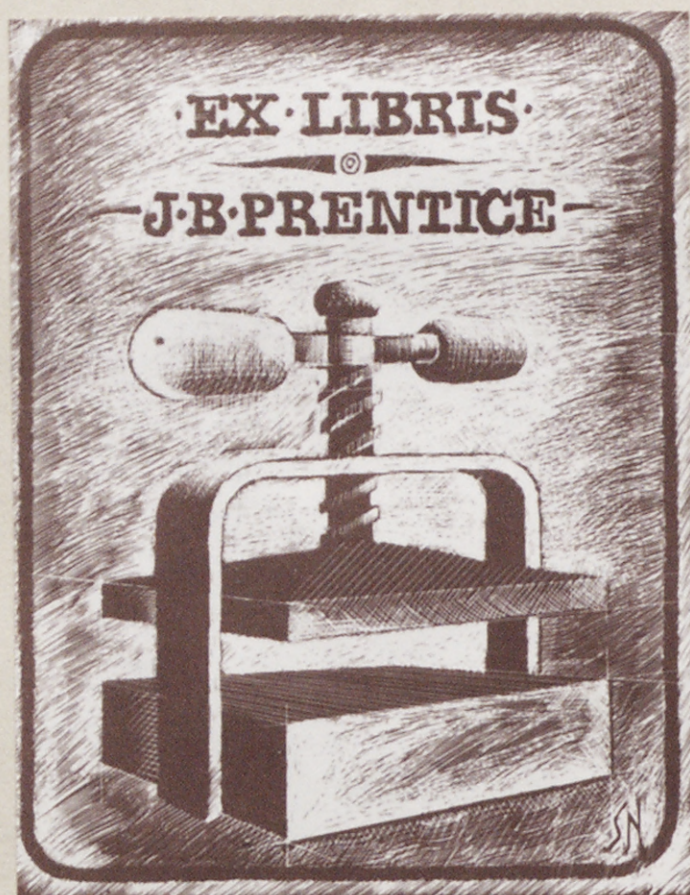
BOOK I





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BOOK I

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## PREFACE

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THE Adelaide Readers have been specially re-written for the children of the Public Schools of South Australia, and conform to the requirements laid down in the revised Course of Instruction issued in 1924.

The subjects treated are largely Australasian, for children are naturally interested in their own land, and love to read of its plants and animals, its productions, and its history. The knowledge so gained is valuable, not only for its own sake, but as a basis of comparison when other parts of the world are being studied.

These *Readers* are essentially *reading* books. The children, for whom they have been prepared, are under the guidance of trained teachers, so that explanations of familiar words, questions on the subject matter of the lessons, grammar tests, and other exercises—some or all of which occupy space in many series of reading books—have not been deemed necessary.

In Book I a list of the more difficult words, divided into syllables, precedes each lesson. This is a convenience to both teacher and pupil.

The last story in Book I (Persephone) is somewhat more difficult than the other lessons, and, as it is intended merely to add to the joy of reading, spelling exercises should not be taken from it.



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## 1.—“MUST I GO TO SCHOOL?”

school

fig'-ures

schol'-ar

rath'-er

thought

be-fore'

read'-er

mas'-ter

high'-est

1. “Oh, father! must I go to school?” said Fred, one morning, as his mother was getting him ready. “I don’t know what the words in my book mean; I never shall. I would rather cut wood in the bush with you, and work ever so hard.”

2. “Fred, how did I fell that big tree, last week?” asked his father.

“A stroke at a time, and keeping at it,” said the boy.

3. “Yes,” said his father; “and a word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you



good at figures ; a thought at a time and keeping at it, will give you the power to master the hardest book in the world. Keep at it, Fred, and you will be a scholar."



4. "Is that all?" asked Fred.

"All," said his father.

"I think I can do that," said Fred.

5. He did it too, for, before six years from that time, he stood first in the highest class at school.



## 2.—THE HONEY BEE

hon'-ey  
dear'-ly  
flow'-ers

on'-ward  
blos'-soms  
loi'-ter

slug'-gard  
bus'-i-ly  
work'-ing

1. "Honey bee, honey bee,  
Why do you hum?"  
"I am so happy  
Summer has come.



2. "Summer and sunshine  
Dearly I love,



Bright flowers around me,  
Bright skies above.

3. " Here away, there away,  
Onward I haste,  
Resting a moment  
The blossoms to taste.

4. " Here away, there away,  
Ever I fly ;  
I never loiter,  
No sluggard am I.

5. " Busily working  
While summer is sunny,  
To lay up for winter  
A store of sweet honey."

6. " Fly away, honey bee,  
Home to your hive,  
You are so busy  
I know you will thrive."

---

Work while you work, play while you play ;  
That is the way to be cheerful and gay.  
All that you do, do with your might ;  
Things done by halves are never done right.



## 3.—THE CAT AND THE FOX

clever

my-self

rid-ing

friend-ly

hun-dred

to-wards

a-ny-thing

pit-y

al-read-y

1. Once upon a time, a cat met a fox in a wood. "Ah!" she thought, "the fox is clever, I will speak to him."

2. So the cat said in quite a friendly manner, "Good morning, Mr. Fox. How are you, and how do you get on in these hard times?"

3. The fox, full of pride, looked at the cat from head to foot, and would not say anything for a long time.

4. At last, he said, "Oh you poor little mouse-hunter, you old grey pussy, how dare you come to me, and stand there, and ask how I am getting on? What have *you* learnt, and how many tricks do *you* know?"

5. "I know only one trick," said the cat meekly.

"And, pray, what is that?" asked the fox.





6. "Well," she said, "if the hounds are after me, I can spring up into a tree, out of their way, and save myself."



7. "Is that all?" said the fox; "why, I know a hundred tricks. I pity you, puss; but come with me, and I will teach you how to cheat both men and hounds."

8. At that moment, a hunter, with four hounds, was seen riding towards them.

9. The cat sprang up a tree, and seated herself on a high branch, where she was out of sight of the hunter. As for the fox, the hounds had already caught him, and held him fast.

10. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you now. If you had known only one like mine, you would not so soon have lost your life."

#### 4.—GOOD FRIENDS

la'-zy

add'-ed

mon'-ey

fin'-gers

grum'-ble

ex-cept'

re-ply'

peo'-ple

i'-dle

thumbs

Aus-tra'-li-a

sloth'-ful

1. Dick was a big boy, too lazy to work hard, but yet he wanted to get on. After tea, one night, as he sat looking into the fire, he said: "I do wish that I



had some good friends to help me along in life."

2. "Good friends," said his father, "why, you have ten as good friends as ever helped boy or man."

3. "Well, father, if I have, they are too poor to be of much use to me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," was the reply.

4. Dick looked down at his big, strong hands. "Count thumbs and all," added his father.

"I have done so—there are ten," said the lad.

5. "Then, never say again that you have no good friends to help you on in life. Try what these can do for you, and do not grumble if you do not get aid from other people."

6. Dick's father had himself learned, when he was young, the lesson that he wished to teach his son. He had come to Australia when quite a lad, and had had to earn his own living. He got no money from any one, except what he was able to earn with his own hands.



7. As he was busy all day, he went to a night school in order to learn how to read and write and do sums ; and he took care of the money he earned. Before many years had passed, he was a rich man.

8. He had made up his mind that his boys would have to work their way on in the world. He would not give them money, and let them be idle. His rule was, "Help yourself."

Let us hope that slothful Dick learned it.

## 5.—THE NEW MOON

pret'-ty

roam

mid'-dle

cra'-dle

through

rain'-bow

1. Dear mother, how pretty  
The moon looks to-night !  
She was never so pretty before ;  
Her two little horns  
Are so sharp and so bright  
I hope she'll not grow any more.



2. If I were up there,  
With you and my friends,  
I'd rock it so nicely, you'd see ;  
I'd sit in the middle,  
And hold by both ends ;  
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !



3. I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes ;  
And then I would rock  
Till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.



4. And there we would stay  
 Far away in the skies,  
 And through the bright clouds we  
 would roam ;  
 We would see the sun set,  
 And see the sun rise,  
 And on the next rainbow come home.

### 6.—ROBERT'S PONY (1)

Rob'-ert	in-stead'	al-lowed'
po'-ny	fierce	kitch'-en
big'-ger	gen'-tlest	mis'-chief
don'-key	crea'-ture	ev'-er-y-bod'-y

1. One day, Robert's father gave him something he had wanted all his life—a real, live pony.

2. She was no bigger than a donkey ; and her coat, instead of being smooth like a horse's, was rough like a young bear's.

3. She had a long tail, which had never been cut, and such a lot of hair in her mane, and over her eyes, that it gave her quite a fierce look.

4. But she was not fierce ; indeed, she was the gentlest creature in the world.



She would follow Robert about, and eat chaff and oats out of the bowl he held to her.

5. Once, when Robert held out to her a piece of bread and butter, she bent down her head, and took it from his hand, just like a young lady.

6. Jess—that was the pony's name—had so much sense, that, sometimes, she was allowed to walk in at the back door.

7. She would stand before the kitchen fire, warm her nose for a moment or two, then turn round and walk out.

8. But she never did any mischief, and was so quiet and gentle that she soon became a great pet with everybody.

## 7.—ROBERT'S PONY (2)

bought

combed

shag'-gy

a-fraid'

brushed

town'-ship

firm'-ly

rough

greed'-y

1. Robert tried to learn to ride even before his father bought him a saddle. But he found it hard work to stick on Jess's bare back.

2. The first time Robert gave his little





sister a ride, she called out, "O Robert, I shall fall."



3. "Don't be afraid," he said; "I will hold you on." He held her firmly, so that she could not fall; and he led the pony round the field and back again.

4. Jess was combed and brushed every morning; and her rough, shaggy coat became as soft and smooth as silk.

5. One day, a strange boy got on the pony's back. Jess knew that he had no right there, so she kicked up her heels, and threw him on the ground. He did not try to ride her again.

6. When Robert got a saddle, and was allowed to ride to the township, how proud he was! And everybody said, "What a beautiful pony!"

7. He never used a whip to her, but would talk to her, and pat her on the neck.

8. Robert was not a selfish boy. He did not keep the pony all to himself; he gave his sister many a ride.

9. Jess lived to be quite an old pony, and carried a great many people—but always little people, for she never grew any bigger.



8.—THE FARMER AND  
HIS SONS

sor'-row

hid'-den

dy'-ing

there'-fore

nei'-ther

ob-tain'

treas'-ure

la'-bour

dig'-ging

1. An old farmer saw with sorrow that his sons were lazy. He knew that, after his death, the farm would not keep them unless they worked hard. He therefore called them to his bedside, and said: "My sons, there is a treasure hidden in one of my fields; it will be yours if you dig for it."

2. The sons, after the death of their father, dug up every part of the farm to find the hidden treasure.

3. They found neither gold nor silver; but the land, made rich by their labour, brought forth a very good crop.

4. They then knew that the good harvest was the hidden treasure, which their dying father had said they might obtain by digging.



## 9.—TWO EARS AND ONE MOUTH

rea'-son	should	e-nough'
teach'-es	re-peat'	worth

1. Two ears, and only one mouth, have you ;  
The reason, I think, is clear ;  
It teaches, my child, that it will not do  
To talk about all you hear.
2. Two eyes, and only one mouth, have you ;  
The reason of this may be,  
That you should learn that it will not do  
To talk about all you see.
3. Two hands, and only one mouth, have you ;  
And it's well worth while to repeat ;  
The two are for work you will have to do,  
The one is enough when you eat.

## 10.—THE CAT (1)

chil'-dren	nar'-row	tear'-ing
No'-rah	stretch'-ing	chew'-ing
qui'-et	sup-pose'	tongue
pu'-pil	seiz'-ing	sav'-age

1. "How snug and happy puss looks in front of the fire, mother!"

The children had just been out for a run, and it was Norah who spoke.



“What a quiet, gentle pussy it is,” she went on.

2. “Ah,” said her mother, “she wouldn’t be very quiet or very gentle, if a mouse were to run out of its hole.”

3. “No” said Willie; “I saw her catch a bird in the garden to-day. She



was fierce then. She tore it to pieces and ate it, after she had caught it.”

4. “What makes her so fierce sometimes?” asked Norah. “Can’t we teach her better, mother?”

5. “No,” said Fred, “we can’t; she kills and eats other creatures, because she was made for it, and meant for it.”

6. “We had a fine lesson at school



about the cat to-day. I'll tell you all I can about it. Shall I, Norah?"

"Do, please," said his sister.

7. "Then, take puss on your lap, Norah, and we'll begin," said he. "First, look at her eyes. Now, look into my eyes. You see that round, black spot in the middle of my eye. That is the pupil of the eye. Light enters the eye through the pupil.

8. "The pupil of pussy's eye is not like ours. In the bright light, it is a long, narrow slit; when it is dark, the pupil becomes a very wide, round window."

9. "I suppose," said Norah, "that is to help her to see when it is dark."

"It is," said Fred. "She wants to see well then, for the mice come out of their holes at night.

10. "Look at her now, while she is stretching herself. What



a wide mouth she has, and what long, sharp teeth! Four of the teeth, two in each jaw, are

much larger and stronger than the rest.



They are meant for seizing and tearing the mice and birds.

11. "We move our jaws from side to side, as well as up and down, when we chew our food. The cat's jaw cannot move sideways, it moves only up and down. Her jaws as well as her teeth, are meant for cutting, not for chewing.

12. "I wonder whether pussy will let me look at her tongue. Try to open her mouth, Will." But puss began to growl, and look so savage, that they had to give it up.

13. "Well," said Fred, "we were told that even the tongue is meant to help the cat in her flesh-eating. It is not smooth like our tongue. It is set with small, sharp, horny points that stretch backwards. The cat uses her rough tongue to strip the flesh from the bones."

## 11.—THE CAT (2)

liv'-ing

puz'-zled

whisk'-er

patch'-es

light'-ly

soft'-ly

armed

curved

point'-ed

sheath

an'-gry

seize

1. The next evening, as soon as they sat down, Fred began by asking Norah



to tell all she could about the cat.

2. "All we have seen," said he, "shows us that the cat was made to kill other living things, and feed on their flesh. Even the cat's eyes are meant to help her to catch her prey in the dark.

3. "Now, sometimes it is so dark that the cat herself can't see. She has to feel her way. How do you think she does that, Norah?" Norah was puzzled.



4. "Look," said Fred, "at that bare patch on each side of pussy's mouth. Her long, stiff whiskers grow out from those patches. The cat feels her way along with the ends of these whiskers.

5. "Now, little girl," he went on, "we are going to look at pussy's feet. The front paws have five toes, the hind ones



have four. Puss walks on her toes, not on her whole foot, as we do.

6. "Look on the under side of the paws, and you will see that they all have soft pads. The cat walks on these pads."

7. "Oh, I see," said Norah; "if the cat made a noise with her feet, the mice would hear her and run away. So she has pads to walk on, and she is able to tread very lightly and softly."



8. "Now, one more look at her feet. If we took pussy up when she was angry, we should see that each toe is armed with a strong, curved, pointed claw.

9. "We don't see them now; she keeps them drawn up in a sheath. She stretches them out only when she is angry."

10. "It is these sharp claws, I suppose," said Norah, "that help to seize the mouse, when she springs upon it."



## 12.—HOW TO CATCH A PONY

mes'-sage

kicked

epip'-ty

feed'-ing

gath'-ered

cheat'-ing

bri'-dle

hand'-ful

un-truth'

gal'-loped

chop'-ping

can'-ter

1. Some weeks after Robert's father had given him Jess, he was out for a ride on her. He had to get off to give a message for his father, and was away a long time. He tied Jess to a fence, but, when he came back, she was nowhere to be seen. She had got loose, and had gone away.

2. After looking about for some time, he saw her in a patch of scrub, busily feeding.

3. He went towards her, but, as he was about to put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Jess, who did not wish to be caught, turned round, threw up her heels, and galloped away. Robert took care to be out of the reach of her heels when she kicked up.

4. He was puzzled what to do now. He knew that she might come up to him



for some oats, if he had any, and held them out to her. Then, when she was near enough, he would be able to catch hold of the bridle. But Robert hadn't any oats.

5. He thought that he would try if grass would do instead. He therefore gathered several handfuls, and filled his hat.

6. A man who was chopping down a tree near at hand, seeing him at work pulling up the grass, asked him what he was about to do with it.

7. Robert told him that he was getting the grass to coax his pony with.

"O! then," cried the man, "you need not take so much trouble; if you hold out your hat empty, it will do just as well. The pony cannot see that the hat is empty till she comes up to it; and then you may catch hold of the bridle, when she is looking into the hat."

8. "But that would be cheating her," said Robert; "and I will not cheat anybody; no, not even a beast."

"Well said, my good boy," was the



reply of the man, who now felt sorry that he had told Robert to act an untruth.

"Besides," added Robert, "if I cheated her once, she would not trust me again."

9. Holding out his hat with the grass in it, Robert went towards the pony. She came slowly up to him, and gave him a good chance to seize the bridle.

10. It was not long before he was on her back, and off home at a canter.

### S P X P I 13.—GOING TO BED

kissed  
pa-pa'

mam-ma'  
con-tent'

pray'-ers  
a-sleep'

1. When little Fred  
Was sent to bed,  
He did not cry and fret,  
And say, "Oh no!  
I will not go;  
It is not bedtime yet."
2. He kissed papa,  
And dear mamma;  
Then to his room upstairs  
At once he went,  
With look content,  
And knelt to say his prayers.



3. Good little Fred,  
All snug in bed,  
Was very soon asleep,  
Nor did he wake  
Till day did break,  
When birds began to peep.

#### 14.—OUR CLOTHES (1)

clothes	pin'-a-fore	wov'-en
stock'-ings	cot'-ton	col'-lar
flan'-nels	En'-gland	lin'-en
wrists	coun'-tries	to-mor'-row

1. "To-day we are going to talk about our clothes," said a teacher to her class.



2. "We shall begin with your jacket," she said, speaking to a little boy whose name was Tom Brown. "Can you tell me what your jacket is made of?"



3. "It is made of wool," said Tom.

"And where do we get the wool?"

"We get it from the sheep's back," said Tom.

4. Then the children told the teacher the names of other things that were made of wool, such as stockings, flannels, dresses, and cuffs to keep the wrists warm in winter.

5. "What is your pinafore made of, Mary?" asked the teacher of a girl who was sitting in the front row.

6. "I don't know, teacher," said Mary.

"I will tell you, and then you ought to know another time.

7. "Your pinafore is made of cotton, which grows in hot countries on a tree called the cotton-plant.

8. "Cotton is quite white, and, when





it is picked off the plants, it is put into bags, and sent to England in ships. There it is taken to mills, spun into thread, and then woven into many kinds of stuff.

9. "Now, John, can you tell me what your collar is made of?"

"It is made of linen," said John.

10. "Quite right," said the teacher, "and linen is made from a plant called flax, which bears a pretty, blue flower.

11. "Many things besides collars are made of linen," said the teacher, "such as shirts, and bed-sheets, and table-cloths.

"To-morrow, we shall learn more about our clothes."

### 15.—OUR CLOTHES (2)

fin'-ish

ea'-ger

soft'-er

rib'-bon

an'-swer

weath'-er

leath'-er

shoe'-mak'-er

plat'-y-pus

an'-i-mals

slip'-pers

na'-tive

1. Next day, the teacher said, "We shall now finish 'our talk about the things we wear."

2. One of the scholars had her hair tied up with a piece of blue ribbon. The



teacher asked if she knew what the ribbon was made of.

3. The little girl did not know, but some of the other scholars did, and they said that it was made of silk.

4. "Yes," said the teacher, "and silk is a very fine thread, which is spun by a tiny worm, called the silk-worm.



5. "What about our boots and shoes? Who can tell me what they are made of?" asked the teacher.

"They are made of leather," said the children.

6. "And where do we get leather?"

"It is made of the skins of cows, of



sheep, and of other animals," said a little boy, who was very eager to answer. His father was a shoemaker, so he knew a good deal about it.

7. The teacher asked the children to name anything else made of leather. They told her of bags, and purses, and straps, and belts, and slippers, and gloves, and many other things.

8. "Gloves are not made of the same leather as boots and shoes," said the teacher. "They are of softer leather, made from the skin of goats, and of other animals that have not so thick a skin as horses and cows.

9. "When ladies go out in cold weather, what do they carry with them, to put their hands into?" asked the teacher.

"Muffs," said the children.

10. "And do you know that a muff was once the skin of a platypus, or a native cat, or a bear, or some other animal with a thick fur?"

11. "You see," said the teacher, "what a number of animals and plants help to clothe us, and keep us warm."



## 16.—THE TWO KITTENS

kit'-tens  
storm'-y  
quar'-rel

be-gun'  
wo'-man  
seized

cov'-ered  
sweep'-ing  
bet'-ter

1. Two little kittens, one stormy night, begin to quarrel, and then to fight. One had a mouse, the other had



none ; that was the way the fight was begun.

2. "I'll have the mouse," said the bigger cat.



"*You'll* have the mouse? We'll see about that."

"I *will* have that mouse," said the elder one.

"You *shan't* have that mouse," said the little one.

3. I told you before 'twas a stormy night, when these two kittens began to fight. The old woman seized her sweeping broom, and swept the two kittens right out of the room.

4. The ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little kittens had nowhere to go. So they laid them down on a mat at the door, while the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

5. Then they both crept in, as quiet as mice, all wet with snow, and as cold as ice ; for they found it was better, that stormy night, to lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.



## 17.—THE DOG (1)

de-light'

din'-ner

cur'-tain

les'-son

flesh'-eat'-er

pad'-ded

faith'-ful

move'-ment

though

min'-ute

no'-tice

per-spire'

1. The boys came home one day full of delight. They had had a lesson on



the dog. As they owned a faithful dog, the lesson pleased them very much.



2. "Shall we bring Ponto in, and have a chat about him?" said Fred. Of course, they all said "yes"; and, a minute or two later, the children were sitting on the floor, with Ponto in the middle.

3. "Now, first of all, sister, what does Ponto like best for dinner?" said Fred.

"He likes a piece of meat better than anything else," said Norah.

"Yes," said Fred; "the dog, like the cat, is a flesh-eater."

4. "Open your mouth, Ponto, and let us have a look at your teeth, old boy. Look, Norah, his teeth are sharp, and pointed. They are just like pussy's teeth. They are made for cutting through flesh, not for chewing or grinding. The lower jaw has only one movement, up and down."



"So far, the dog is very like the cat," said Norah.

5. "Now, let us look a little farther," said Fred. "Ponto's head is not like



the cat's head. It is longer, and more pointed. If you notice his eyes, you will see that they have no curtain in front, no long, narrow slit, like the cat's eyes.

6. "Now, let us have a word about his feet. Hold up your paw, Ponto. That's right, good dog.

"If we look at all his paws, we shall see that, like the cat, he has five toes on the front, and four on the hind ones."



7. "Yes," cried Norah, "and the toes are padded. Does Ponto walk on his toes, Fred?"

"Yes; the dog walks on his toes."

8. "But," said his sister again, "I can hear Ponto's feet on the ground as he runs. I can't hear pussy's feet. How is that, if both of them have pads, Fred?"

9. "Well," said Fred, "if you look, you will see that Ponto cannot draw back his claws as the cat does. The claws rub the ground at every step, and make a noise.



10. "There is just one thing more," Fred went on. "The dog's tongue is soft, smooth, and wet; not rough like the cat's tongue. He does not use it as the cat does.

11. "I am going to tell you something very funny though. The dog perspires through his tongue. The sweat never comes out on his skin."

### 18.—THE DOG (2)

a-mong'	scent	New'-found-land'
swift'-est	pic'-ture	drown'-ing
slen'-der	Ber'-nard	mas'-tiff
kan'-gar-oo	bis'-cuits	shep'-herd

1. "I say, boys," said Norah, "what should we do without our dear, faithful old Ponto? He is such a clever, loving old fellow."

2. "Well, I couldn't do without him," said Fred. "Teacher says that the dog is the very best friend we have among the animals, and I'm sure of it.

3. "There are many kinds of dogs. First, there are the *hounds*. These are



the best runners. They are all used in hunting.

4. "The greyhound is the swiftest. It has a long slender body and legs, and



is used for hunting the hare. It chases its prey by sight, not by scent.

5. "The stag-hound is the largest and strongest of the hounds, and has a rough, shaggy coat. They use it in England for hunting the stag, and in Australia for hunting the kangaroo."

6. Then Norah joined in. "I have heard of fox-hounds for hunting the fox,



and there are blood-hounds, and deer-hounds."

"Those that you speak of," said Fred, "have a strong sense of smell. They chase their prey by scent.

7. "Here is a picture of a Saint

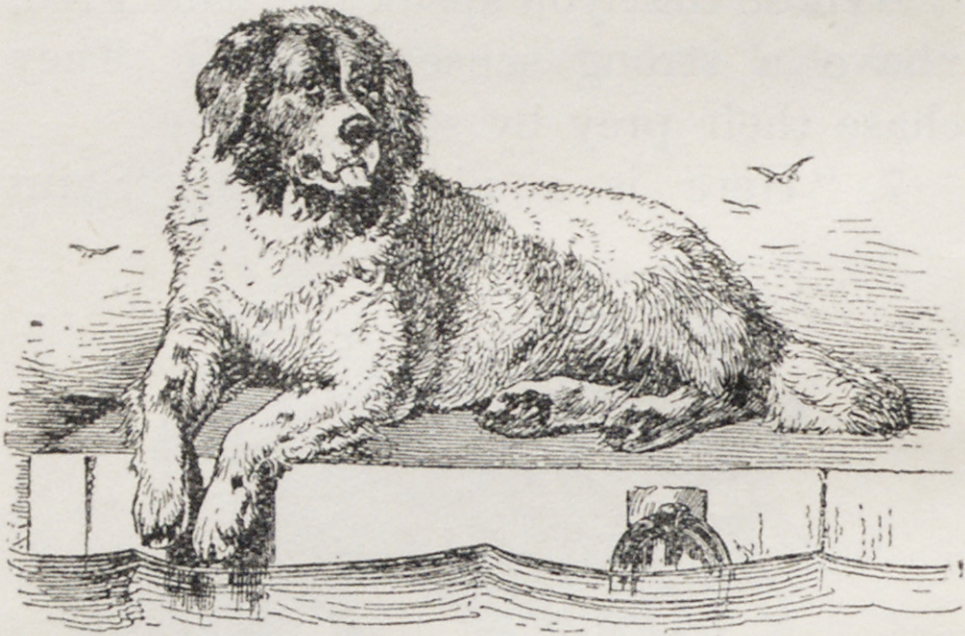


Bernard dog; I found it on this paper about dog biscuits. Look at the fine, big head, and the long, shaggy coat. In some lands, these grand dogs are used to find people who have been buried in the snow.

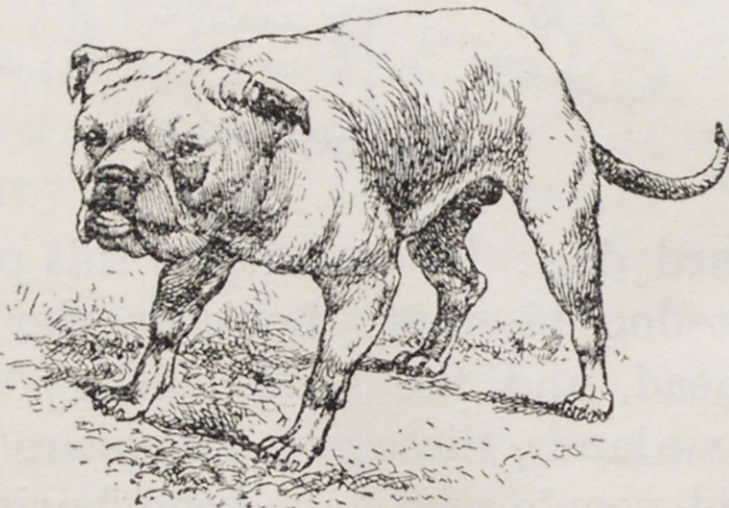
8. "Here, also, is a picture of a



Newfoundland dog, a noble fellow, who saves people from drowning.



9. "Bull-dogs are mostly kept as



watch-dogs, to take care of the house at night.



10. "The biggest and strongest dog of all is the mastiff.

"But, among dogs, the sheep-dog is the



wisest. He helps the shepherd to take care of the sheep. There are thousands of these clever dogs in Australia."

### 19.—FRANK AT THE SEASIDE

break'-fast

watched

climbed

hol'-i-days

un'-cle

e'-ven-ing

leav'-ing

buck'-et

guess

sta'-tion

bathe

list'-en

plat'-form

splashed

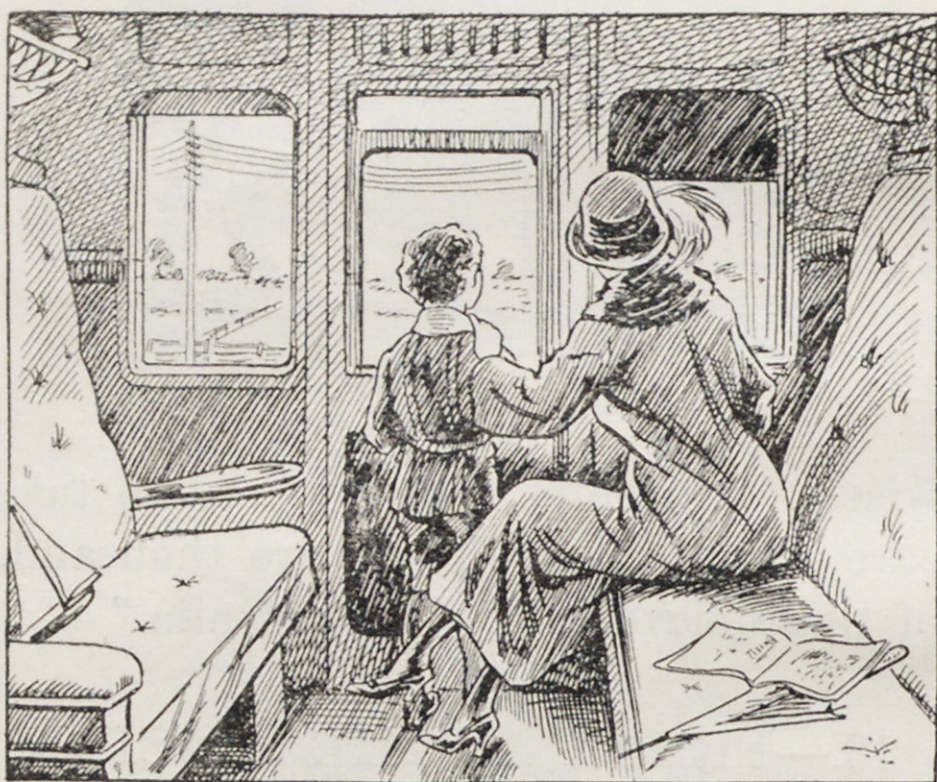
sor'-ry

1. Frank had been longing to go to the seaside. So you may guess how



pleased he was, when, one morning at breakfast, his father said, "When the holidays come we shall go to the seaside."

2. The night before leaving home, Frank helped with the packing. He



put into the trunk they were taking with them a story-book that had been given him at school as a prize.

3. There might be some wet days, and Frank thought that it would then be nice to sit indoors and read a book.



4. Frank needed no one to call him on the morning that they went away. He was the first up in the house, and was glad to find that it was a fine, sunny day.

5. A cab took them to the station, and Frank waited on the platform with his mother, while his father went for the tickets.

6. Frank had not often been in a train, and it was great fun for him to see houses and trees and fields rushing by. He knew that they were not moving at all, but that it was the train that was going so fast.

7. The first thing Frank did at the seaside was to look at the great sea, stretching far away in front of him. He watched the little boats going by, and the great ships with their sails set.

8. "Mother, what are those white birds?" asked Frank. "See! they go down as low as the water, and then fly up again,"

"Those are sea-gulls, Frank."

9. "And look at the water, mother.





It is not still, like the water in the dam at Uncle George's farm. It is always moving up and down."



10. "Yes, my boy," said his mother, "those are waves. When the wind blows hard, they rise very high, and sometimes dash big ships to pieces against the rocks."

11. After dinner, Frank bought a bucket and spade with some of the money he had saved

12. He filled his bucket with sand, and made a little sand-hill, and stood upon it. Then he dug a trench all round it, and watched it fill with water when the tide came up.

13. When he grew tired of digging, his mother, who had been sitting reading, said, "Shall we go for a walk, Frank?" "Oh, yes!" said Frank, "I should like nothing better."

14. As they went, Frank picked up strange shells, and smooth, round stones. His mother gathered some pretty seaweed.

15. The next day, Frank went with his father to bathe. He did not like it at first. The water was so cold that it nearly took his breath away. But he



soon got used to it, and splashed about in the water like a big fish.

16. He also climbed with his father up into the lighthouse. The keeper showed him the great lamps, which were lit at night, to warn ships not to come near the rocks at dark.

17. In the evenings, when it was fine, Frank and his father and mother sat on the jetty. They liked to listen to the band.

18. Frank had never before enjoyed a holiday so much. He was quite sorry when the time came for him to say good-bye to the seaside.

## 20 —BABY 'ROO

There was once a baby 'Roo,

Baby 'Roo.

In a valley where the mallee

And the grasses always grew,

He would hop and skip and jump,

Baby 'Roo.



Such a happy little chappie,  
Such a pretty fellow too,  
And when he was tired of play,  
    Baby 'Roo,  
Niddy-noddy, sleepy body,  
Do you know what he would do ?



Jump into his mother's pocket,  
    Baby 'Roo,  
Curl up warm there, safe from harm there,  
Sleep and dream the whole night through.



## BUNNY AND THE DINGO

1. There was a little rabbit

That was hiding in his burrow,  
When the dingo came and told him  
To expect him there to-morrow.  
But the rabbit thought he'd rather  
That the dingo didn't meet him,  
So he found another burrow,  
And the dingo didn't eat him.

“JOSEPHINE.”

*By permission of "The Sydney Bulletin."*

## 21.—THE CAT'S BIG COUSIN—THE LION

talk'-ing

cous'-ins

straight

lion'-ess

fierce

grum'-bling

fam'-i-ly

no'-ble

prey

prowl'

A'-sia

Af'-ri-ca

1. One morning, after breakfast, Fred's father said, "I heard you children talking about the funny ways of your pussy cat, yesterday. How would you like to go to the Zoo to-day, to see some of the cat's big cousins?"

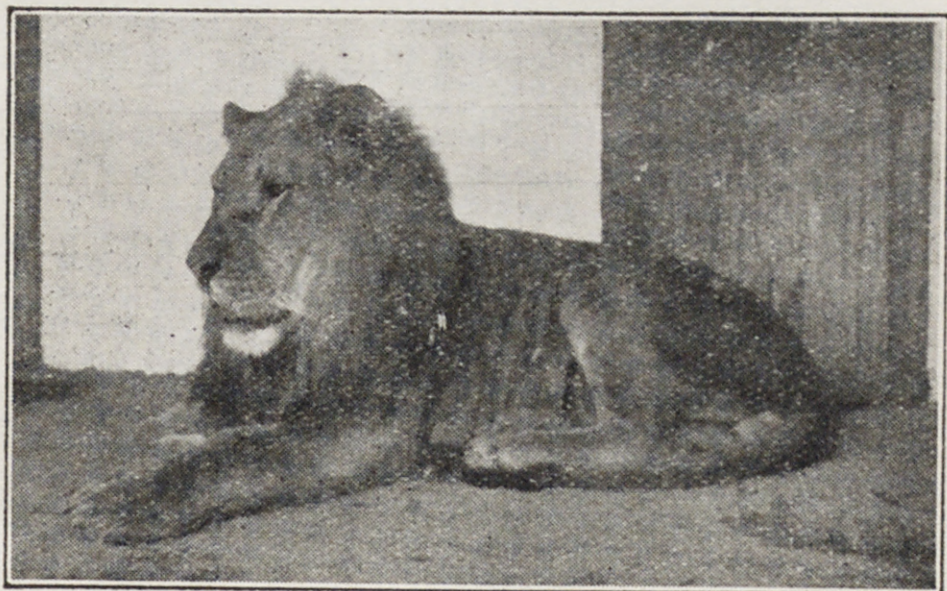
2. The children were so pleased that they shouted and clapped their hands,



and, as soon as they were ready, off they started.

When they reached the Zoo, their father took them to the great cage where the lions were kept.

3. There were two of them in the cage—the lion and the lioness. It was the first time the children had seen



THE LION

[Photo : Melbourne Zoo]

them, and they gazed with wonder at these great animals that looked so much like big cats.

4. It was a bright sunny day, and Mr. and Mrs. Lion lay stretched out near the front of the cage.



The first thing Fred took notice of was the lion's eye.

"Look, father," he said, "his eye is a long narrow slit just like Pussy's."

5. "Yes," said his father, "but if you could see it at night, it would be wide open, and would look like a ball of fire."

6. "Oh," said little Bess, "our Pussy's eyes are like that in the dark, and one night when she hid under my bed she gave me such a fright."

7. "I like the lion's head," said Willie, "it looks so fine, and big, and grand."

"It is his great shaggy mane that makes him look so noble," said his father, "and the mother lion, who has no mane, looks more like a cat."

8. Just then the children saw some men coming along with a truck loaded with lumps of meat for feeding the animals.

The lions saw them, too, and began to lash their tails and growl.

At first it was a low grumbling



sound, but it grew louder and louder, and ended in such a roar that Bess was afraid, and ran back from the front of the cage.

9. "Look what a mouth he has!" said Fred, "and just the same long, sharp, cruel teeth as the cat, only so much bigger and stronger."



THE LIONESS EATING HER MEAT [Photo: H. B. Harber]

10. When the men came they threw in a great joint of meat for each animal, and with a savage growl the lions sprang at it, so that the children could see their strong curved claws as they tore the meat to pieces.

11. "Will they eat all that for their dinner?" said Bess. "Why it is as



much as mother would buy from the butcher to feed all of us for a week!"

12. "Yes," said father, "but think of these fierce animals in the countries where they are found wild. They live in hot lands, in the great forests of Asia and Africa, and prey upon animals as big as the horse and the cow.

"Sometimes they spring upon a man, and carry him off. They sleep in their dens or holes all day long, and at night come out to prowl about in search of food."

## 22.—A FLOOD

pig'-sty	tak'-ing	bod'-ies
dur'-ing	pad'-dock	float'-ing
doc'-tor	car'-ried	fright'-ened
Fri'-day	far'-ther	pres'-ent-ly
heav'-y	hur'-ry	man'-aged
ris'-ing	stretch'-ing	ex-cit'-ing

1. My aunt lives in the country, and her house is just on the edge of a creek.

On the other side of the creek are the fowl-house, pig-sty, and cow-shed.



2. When I was about ten years old I went to stay with my aunt during the spring and summer, for I had been ill, and the doctor sent me to the country for a change.

3. At the time I am going to tell you of, the bed of the creek was quite dry, for it was summer time, and for many weeks the days had been very hot.

4. One Friday night a sudden storm came up, and heavy rain began to fall, so that before long a stream of water was running down the creek.

5. The next morning the water was quite high in the creek, but my cousin and I were able to cross on the little bridge when we went to feed the pigs and fowls.

6. On our way back we could hear a sound of rushing water far up the creek, and could see that a flood was coming, so we made haste to get back to the house. Just after we had crossed the bridge, it was swept away.

7. Soon the water began to come all round the house, and it was rising so



quickly that my uncle thought it would not be safe to stay there any longer. Taking the younger children in their arms, he and my aunt carried them to a hill at the end of the paddock.

8. I tried to follow them, but when I had got to the end of the garden fence I found that the water was so deep, and was rushing along so strongly, that I could not get any farther.

9. As I was trying to get back to the house I had to cling to the fence, for the water was still rising, and seemed to pull at my legs. I lost both my boots, as in my hurry I had not laced them up.

10. After awhile I got back to the house, and climbed up on to the roof, out of the reach of the water, which seemed to be stretching out on every side.

11. I could see parts of houses, haystacks, and the dead bodies of fowls and sheep floating down the stream, and I felt a bit frightened and lonely until I saw my aunt and cousins waving from



the hill where they were high and dry.

12. Presently my uncle and my cousin Edward managed to get to the house with a horse and cart, and took me safely off the roof, for which, you may be sure, I was very thankful.

13. Our windmill, which was over the well on the bank of the creek, was washed away by the rushing waters, and the people living near said that this flood was the highest they had ever seen.

14. Although the flood had been so high, the waters sank so quickly that on Monday we could walk across the creek almost anywhere, and after a few more dry weeks it was hard to believe that the flood had ever been.

15. Though I had felt a bit afraid at first, I was not sorry afterwards that I had been there when it all happened, for I had something real and exciting to tell the boys at school, when I went back to Adelaide again.



## 23.—LITTLE DOG DOUGAL

whined	stern'-ly	Geoff
whis'-tled	sta'-tion	pranced
shiv'-ered	Kil-ken'-ny	plat'-form
fright'-ened	guard	ought

1. What a shaggy little dog he was!

He stood on his hind legs and put his two paws on the edge of his warm box to see what was going on in the stable.

His big brown eyes were watching Bob, the coachman. Yes, Bob was putting on his hat. Was he going for a walk? Little Dog's tail thumped hard against the sides of the box.

2. Bob, the coachman, heard the thump, thump, thump.

"You stay where you are, old shaggy-head," he said, "I am going in the train to-day, and the train is no place for a little dog."

But Little Dog whined and whistled through his nose, as if to say, "Please take me, *do* take me."

3. "Stay where you are," said Bob; "I will take you for a walk when I come



back," and he went out of the stable.

Little Dog listened.

How quiet it was! Little Dog felt lonely. He whined and whistled through his nose to show how lonely he really was.

4. But Bob did not come back.

Little Dog stopped whining. He crept out of his box, softly, softly, and stole quietly to the stable door. He put his little black nose to the ground, and sniffed. Yes, he could tell which way Bob had gone. Perhaps, if he followed, Bob would not send him back. So off he went.

5. Every now and then he sniffed the ground as he ran on and on. Across the paddock, along the street, past the shops, went the little grey dog. And there, right in front of him, standing on a big platform, talking to another man, was Bob.

Little Dog wagged his tail, and ran to meet his master.

6. But hark! What is that roar? What is that great big black monster coming



nearer and nearer, hissing and crunching and rumbling? Little Dog closed his eyes and shivered with fright.

"Puff, puff," said the monster, and stood still.

7. Then the little dog saw that the



big black thing was full of doors and windows, and that his master Bob was opening one of the doors and stepping into something like a room



With a frightened yelp, he ran after Bob, in case he needed Little Dog's help, and jumped upon the seat beside him.

8. "Did I not tell you to stay at home?" said Bob sternly. Little Dog looked at Bob with sorrowful brown eyes, and trembled and lowered his little stumpy tail. So Bob forgave him, and patted his head, and the little fellow nearly wagged his tail off trying to show how pleased he was.

9. Just then the door opened.

"Tickets please," said a strange man. "G-r-r-r-r-r," said Little Dog. He did not like strange men. "Whose dog is that?" said the man. "G-r-r-r-r-r," said Little Dog, "woof, woof." "Put him out," said the porter. "G-r-r-r-r-r, g-r-r-r-r-r," said Little Dog, "woof woof, woof."

10. Just then the train stopped at the next station. "Kil-ken-ny" shouted the guard.

"You will have to find your way home," said Bob, and put the dog out on the



platform just as the train started.

11. O how lonely Little Dog felt. He whined and whistled through his nose to show how sad and lonely he was. Then he put his nose to the ground and sniffed. But he could not find Bob. He ran this way and that, but it was of no use. Little Dog was lost. He sat down on his little stumpy tail, turned his little black nose to the sky, and howled and howled.

12. At last it began to grow dark, and all cold and shivery he crept into a corner and went to sleep. When he woke up the sun was rising, and all the sky in the east was pink and beautiful. But Little Dog was stiff and hungry.

He must find something somewhere, so he sniffed and ran and sniffed and ran. But no bone could he find anywhere.

13. Presently he heard a jolly cheerful voice. He stopped and looked through a gate. A man was coming out, with his bag, ready to go to work.



Little Dog whined and whistled through his nose to show how lonely he was, and the jolly man stopped and looked at him.

14. "Geoff," he called, "come and see this funny little dog." A little boy came running out quickly. "O what a beauty!" he said. "Couldn't I keep him, Uncle?" Little Dog pranced on his hind legs and gave a warm little lick at the boy's fat bare knees to show that he wanted to be friends. "Give him something to eat, and we will see how he behaves," said Uncle.

15. "And what shall I call him?" said Geoff, as they watched Little Dog enjoying his bone. "Looks like a Scotchie," said Uncle Joe, "we ought to call him McDougal."

"Dougal, Dougal, Dougal," said Geoff, "Come here, old boy." And Dougal came.

He looked up into Geoffry's face, and would you believe it—he laughed.

16. "He's a nice little fellow," said Uncle Joe. "Look after him Geoff.



Goodbye, I must catch my train."

"G-r-r-r-r," said Dougal. He did not like trains. "I will take him for a walk," said Geoff. "Woof, woof," laughed Little Dog Dougal.

## 24.—THE MAGPIE

1. Where the spear-grass was green and the  
sunshine was bright,  
On the slope of a beautiful valley,  
A pair of wild magpies had settled one night  
On the bough of a blossoming mallee.
2. With the morning's first beam maggie's  
mate said to him :  
"It is time that our nest we were  
making ;  
Let us build in the fork of this long leafy  
limb  
That with the soft breezes is shaking."
3. So they gathered some twigs and some nice  
curly sticks,  
And wove them all closely together,  
For lining, some grass and some hair they  
would fix,  
To keep out the wind and the weather.
4. When the eggs had been laid, and the  
mother bird small  
Her soft wings spread over them  
proudly,



Her mate from the tree-top kept watch  
over all,

And sang to her sweetly and loudly.

5. The kangaroos hopped and the tall emus  
strolled,

'Neath the tree where that round nest  
was swinging,

But never a fear had our magpie so bold,  
And cheerily sounded his singing.

6. Soon the babies were hatched, and in time  
learned to fly,

(They were taught by their father and  
mother);

Then they perched with their parents, and  
threw their heads high,

And sang a sweet song to each other.

## 25.—THE SHEARING SHED

Ad'-e-laide

break'-fast

ex-claimed'

shear'-ers

greas'-y

al-though'

re-plied'

at'-las

bales

emp'-ty

guess'-ing

knit

course

won'-der'-ing

min'-ute

1. Betty and John lived in Adelaide,  
but they had come to their grand-  
mother's farm for a holiday. Betty was  
eight years old, and she had never been



in the country before. John was ten, and this was his second trip to the farm.

2. At breakfast, Betty suddenly stopped eating. "Grandma," she said, "I can hear something crying; what is it?" "Why," exclaimed John, "all the lambs are in the paddock by themselves, while their mothers are being shorn, for this is shearing-time."

3. "Will they find their mothers again?" asked Betty. Grandma told Betty that, in some wonderful way, every lamb knew its mother's call, and she was quite sure they would soon find each other.

4. When breakfast was finished, Uncle Tom took both the children to the shearing shed.

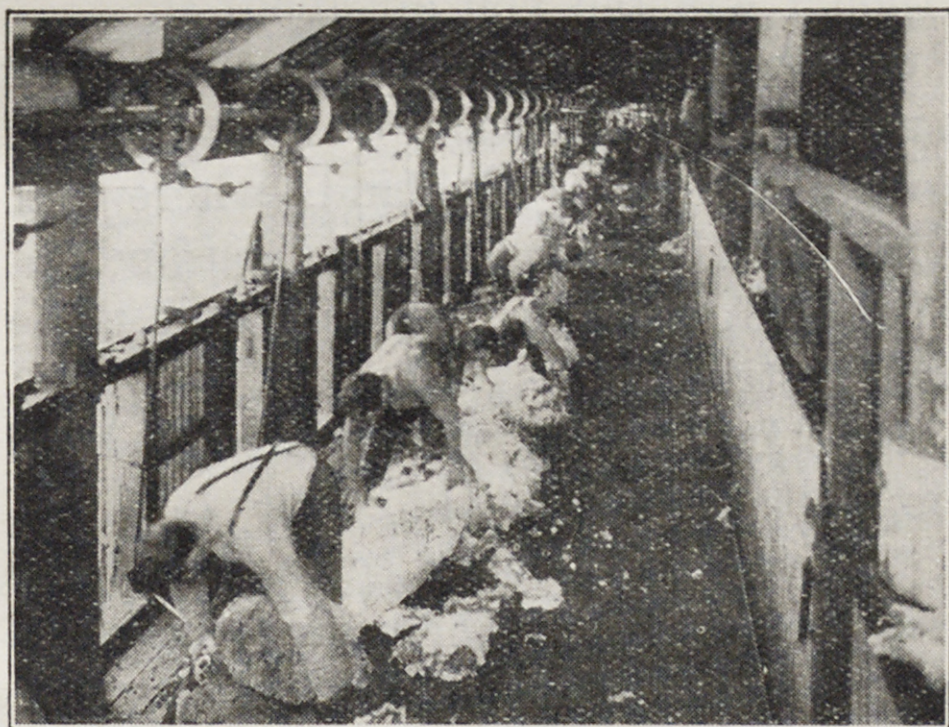
John began counting the sheep waiting outside to be shorn. Betty opened her eyes wide. She thought the shearers must be very strong to hold the sheep so still.

5. How clever their hands must be to shear the wool so close to the skin! "Uncle Tom," she cried, "how soft and



white part of the wool is!" Uncle Tom said that it did look beautiful, although it was very greasy and would need washing to clean it.

6. John had climbed up on a rail. He said that he was going to stay there all day, and count the number of



sheep shorn, but Betty kept tight hold of her Uncle Tom's hand.

7. At last a sheep was shorn, and the man pulled it through the little door into another yard. "When I grow up," said John, "I am going to be a shearer,



like Jim Smith, and shear a hundred sheep a day."

8. Uncle Tom took Betty into another part of the shed, and showed her how the wool was packed into bales. "Where will the bales be sent, Uncle?" she asked. "Wait until after tea," he replied; "then I will tell you all about it."

9. When tea was over, Uncle opened a book called an atlas, and showed them a country named England, where our King and Queen live. "Thousands of bales of Australian wool are sent there in big steamers," said he.

10. "But do the steamers come back empty?" asked Betty.

"Now we will have some guessing," said Uncle Tom. "There are four things in this room made of Australian wool. But they were all made in England and sent back to us in the steamers. Who can tell what they are?"

11. Betty guessed the ball of wool Grandma was using to knit a sock. That was right. John guessed the carpet and table cloth. Uncle said "Yes," for



there was a great deal of wool in each. But neither of them could guess the last thing.

12. Uncle Tom picked Betty up on his knee. She was very tired, and rested her head on his shoulder. "How warm your coat is!" she said. Uncle laughed, and said "Of course it is, for it is made of wool too." So there they had the four things.

13. "They ought to make some things out of wool in Australia," said John.

Then Uncle told them that his beautiful warm rug was made at Tweedvale in South Australia, and showed them the place on the map. He thought, too, that when they went to bed they would find "Made in Australia" on their blankets.

14. John was too tired to look at his blankets, besides, he was wondering whether he would be a shearer when he grew up.

Betty looked at the corner of hers, and, sure enough, there were the words, "Made in Australia."



15. She listened at the window for a minute. The little sounds coming from the sheep paddock did not seem sad at all now.

"I am glad all the lambs have their mothers," she said, as she pulled those warm blankets round her, and settled down to sleep.

## 26.—TIM'S DOVE

soup	lin'-en	un-til'
worse	quon'-dongs	fol'-low-ed
nurse	should'-er	rus'-tle
doc'-tor	roost	perch'-ed

1. One day when little Tim was picking quondongs in a field near Moonta, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to its side with a linen bandage.

2. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again, but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad



to have it stay, for he had no pets nor toys.

3. When he went to pick fruit the



dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to



eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost near Tim's window.

4. One day Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim, and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, he went for a doctor.

5. The doctor said "She will get well if she has good food; jellies, chicken-broth or meat-soup are what she needs."

6. Tim had no money to buy meat, but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

7. He saw a good friend going by the house, and he went and put the dove in her hands, saying, "Please take my dove and make some broth for my mother, who is so ill."

8. He ran back to the house and tried not to think of Fairy. He did not wish his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be harmed.

9. In about an hour the kind friend brought some good hot broth, and after



Tim's mother had finished it, she said that she felt almost well again.

10. The good friend said, "You will have some more to-morrow, for I shall make broth for you every day until you are strong again."

11. Tim followed the woman to the door, and whispered, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

12. Before the woman could reply, there was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in, and perched on Tim's shoulder.

13. "Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek. "Coo! coo!" she said again, for she was very happy to see Tim.

14. The kind woman said, "You see, Tim, I did not kill your Fairy. I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good lad to be willing to have your pet dove turned into broth for your mother."

15. How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not



know, until she was much better, how very near she had come to eating little Fairy.

## 27.—A SONG OF THE WATTLE

1. Sing a song of wattle-time,  
Sing of sweet September,  
Sunny days and scented nights,  
Pleasant to remember.
2. When the sunshine smiles in spring,  
All the buds so tiny  
Send out little golden threads,  
Silky, soft and shiny.
3. Like a fairy's golden hair  
Seem those blossoms glowing ;  
Like a gleam of sunshine fair,  
On the hillside growing.
4. As we wander through the scrub  
Sprays of wattle wearing,  
We can smell the perfume sweet  
That the breeze is bearing.
5. Sing a song of wattle-time,  
Sing of sweet September,  
Sunny days and scented nights,  
Pleasant to remember.



## 28.—THE KANGAROO

crea'-ture

wad'-dy

seem'-ed

grace'-ful

wall'-a-bies

liz'-ards

knock'-ed

pouch

lu'-bra

mess'-age

climb'-ed

for'-est

1. When we go into the scrub in Australia, we are not afraid of any wild animals. In some other countries, when children are out in the forests, they are frightened of meeting wild beasts.

2. Most of our wild animals eat grass, and fresh leaves of trees. The biggest wild creature in our land is the kangaroo; I have seen one that was seven feet high.

3. The largest in a mob of these graceful animals is called the "old man kangaroo," and the little baby, with its big dark eyes, is always known as a Joey.

4. I shall never forget the first time I saw a kangaroo. I was a little boy living in Wallaroo in the early days, when there were hundreds of blacks in their wurlies near the white sandhills.

5. My mother asked me to go to the store and get some tea and sugar. Now



the storekeeper had a pet kangaroo which he kept in his back yard. Some-



times it would get out through the gate, and hop all about the place.



6. I had often heard the other boys speak about it, and how it would hop up to people in the shop, and hold up its head, as much as to say, "Give me something to eat, please."

7. When I reached the shop, I knocked twice with my money on the counter, but no one came. I was feeling very proud of myself, because this was the first time I had been trusted with money when sent on a message.

8. I knocked again, and I saw a big strange animal coming through the back door. It was like the kangaroo in my picture book.

9. It was as tall as a big man, and frightened me so much, that I did not wait for it to come near me, but ran home as fast as my legs could carry me.

10. When I became a big boy, and was no longer afraid of these animals, I often went out into the scrub with some black boys, to catch kangaroos and wallabies, and to gather wild peaches.

11. I knew many of the blacks very



well indeed; their king was called King Tommy, his lubra Queen Mary, and her piccaninny Prince Johnny.

12. I loved to go hunting with Prince Johnny, and two other black boys called Wonga and Tonga. They were my chums, and showed me how to throw the spear at a kangaroo. They also taught me how to throw the waddy and boomerang at a wallaby.

13. One very hot day, we four boys went hunting in the scrub. We had great fun all day catching snakes, lizards, and wallabies. Late in the afternoon we heard the barking of dogs and the tramping of horses.

14. Tonga was as smart as any boy I ever met, and I liked him very much. He shouted, "Quick! jump up tree." Very soon we four boys were sitting in a mallee tree. Not far away we could see a mother kangaroo being hunted by five young men on horseback. The hunters had three dogs with them.

15. When the kangaroo got close to us, we could see she had a little Joey



in her pouch. His head was sticking out, and the poor little fellow looked very frightened.

16. The mother kangaroo was even more frightened than her baby. We could see that she was becoming tired, and the dogs were gaining on her.

17. As she hopped over the low round bush near us, she put her two hands down, and dropped Joey into the middle of the bush. She then bounded away faster than the dogs.

18. After the dogs and the hunters had passed, we jumped down from the tree, and each of us took a turn petting and patting Joey. Wonga said, "We stay here; by and by, mother come back for her baby."

19. After some time we placed Joey back in the bush, and climbed the tree again. Wonga was right, for just as the sun was setting, the sharp eyes of Tonga saw the mother-kangaroo returning. She was hopping along and stopping every now and then, pricking up her ears.



20. She came closer and closer, and at last with three wonderful jumps she reached her Joey, picked him up and bounded off.

21. We were so glad, that we stood up in the tree, waved our caps, and gave three loud cheers. These frightened the mother so much that she hopped off faster than when the dogs were after her.

22. How wonderful is a mother's love! Out of ten thousand bushes that seemed all alike to us, this mother found the one that hid her Joey!

## 29.—THE MAGPIE

un-ti'-dy

swal'-low-ed

pin'-cers

Aus-tral'-ia

cen'-ti-pede

par'-ents

wrig'-gling

light'-ning

1. "Squawk, squawk, squawk!"

Do you hear that young magpie in the tall gum tree? He is standing beside a big untidy looking nest made of twigs and sticks.



2. See, his parents are flying towards him! Mother carries a plump spider. Father holds a big grub in his beak. "Squawk, squawk!" says young magpie, flaps his wings, and opens his beak very wide.

In goes the spider, in goes the grub, one gulp, and his beak is open waiting for more.

3. Mr. and Mrs. Magpie are very kind to their children. Even when the birds seem big enough to look after themselves their parents still help to feed them, and a sharp beak will punish anybody who tries to harm the young ones.

4. The magpie is one of our native birds. That means that it has always lived in Australia. It was here long before white people came to this country.

5. When the magpie is happy, his song is very sweet. At sunrise, a number of magpies will sometimes sing together and their song is very beautiful. But at sunset, their call is shrill and wild, as mate calls to mate, or gives a cry of warning.



6. The magpie is quick and strong and his eyes are very sharp. He does good work for us by killing off grubs and other pests. We love to hear him on a windy day, when he sways in the high gum tree, and sings and sings.

7. Once I knew a tame magpie that lived next door to a school. He was lame, for a cruel boy had broken his leg with a sharp stone. Maggie thought that all boys were alike, so he would wait until somebody left the school door open, and then steal in very quietly.

8. Not a sound did he make till, quick as lightning, he was under the desks and in among all those nice bare legs.

9. What a hubbub there would be! "Take him out!" the teacher would say. One of the little girls would run for the yard-broom. Maggie would jump on it, and be carried out, loudly shouting his war-cry.

10. On washing days he was very happy. He loved to tug a burning stick from the copper-fire and run off with it. Then what a chase there would be to take it



from him, before he set fire to something.

On windy days, when the clothes were on the line, he would hang on to anything he could reach and swing to and fro, screaming with fun.

11. He would cackle like a hen, and laugh when we came to find the eggs, and he could pull up seedlings more quickly than we could plant them.

12. But he loved best of all to help my brother dig the garden. As the spade came up, his bright eyes were watching. "Oo!" he would say, and the next moment something would be wriggling in his beak.

13. One day, while they were gardening, Maggie suddenly pushed his beak down my brother's boot. His sharp eyes had seen something move. "Oo!" he said, and the next moment he had pulled out a great, long, red, angry-looking centipede.

14. It was of no use for the centipede to turn up his ugly pincers. Maggie held him tightly in his beak. First he whistled for a minute or two, then pecked



the centipede on the head, rubbed him in the dirt, and just swallowed him, pincers and all.

15. We must always remember that the magpie is a useful bird, and we should never hurt him, or try to rob his nest.

### 30.—SHE WOULDN'T SAY “PLEASE”

be-lieve'	fair'-ies	breeze
po-ta'-toes	daugh'-ter	moun'-tains
peas	pow'-er-ful	wasps

1. There was once a small child  
     Who would never say “Please,”  
     I believe if you even  
     Went down on your knees,
2. But, her arms on the table,  
     Would sit at her ease,  
     And call out to her mother  
     In words such as these:
3. “I want some potatoes!”  
     “Give me some peas!”  
     “Hand me the butter!”  
     “Cut me some cheese!”



4. So the fairies, this very  
    Rude daughter to tease,  
Once blew her away  
    In a powerful breeze,
  5. Over the mountains,  
    And over the seas,  
To a valley where never  
    A dinner she sees ;
  6. But down with the ants,  
    The wasps, and the bees,  
In the woods she must live  
    Till she learns to say "Please."
- 

1. Boats sail on the rivers,  
    And ships sail on the seas:  
But clouds that sail across the sky  
    Are prettier far than these.
2. There are bridges on the rivers,  
    As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
    And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
    Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## 31.—OUR COCKATOO

Ren'-mark	beau'-ti-ful	pres'-ent
wood'-en	es-cape'	bar'-rel
sec'-ond	snow'-y	neigh'-bour
naught'-y	for-giv'-en	climb
clothes	ear'-ly	danc'-ing
gar'-ment	harsh	stran'-ger

1. Once we lived on a farm near Renmark, and there we often saw large flocks of beautiful white cockatoos. Sometimes they would settle on our hay-stack, and eat the grain out of the heads of wheat.

2. A friend, whose home was near ours, one day brought us a young cockatoo as a present. My brother made a wooden cage for it, but a few days later we found that it had pecked through the wood, and was almost ready to escape.

3. We then put it into a yard made of wire-netting and roofed with iron. In the middle of the yard we set up a little post with a perch for cocky to sit on.

4. On top of the post we placed a small



barrel, upside down, and within this a second perch, higher than the other. At night, or when the day was wet, cocky would sit, warm and dry, with the barrel for a house.

5. Whenever he was very pleased or



very angry he would put up his lovely yellow crest. In the bright sunshine his snowy feathers and golden crest were a lovely sight.

6. We taught him to say "Pretty cocky!" "Puss! Puss!" and "What do



you think of that?" He would call the cat in a voice so much like mine that puss would come running out of the house. Then he would give her a sly look, and say "What do you think of that?"

7. When we left the farm, and came to live at Goodwood, you may be sure we brought cocky with us. At first we chained him to his perch, but soon we clipped one wing and allowed him to run loose.

8. I am sorry to say that he played many naughty tricks, but he was such a pet that when he hung his head and said "Poor Cocky!" he was sure to be forgiven.

9. One fine morning he thought he would like a little walk, so he found his way into our neighbour's yard. Mrs. Martin had risen early, and washed her clothes. Then she had hung them out to dry, and gone into the house again.

10. It did not take cocky long to climb up the prop. Then he walked along the clothes-line, pulling out the pegs with



his beak. How he chattered to himself as one garment after another fell to the ground!

11. He was so pleased with his work that he gave a loud screech of delight. The harsh noise reached the ears of Mrs. Martin, and she hurried outside. "What do you think of that?" cried cocky, dancing along the line in his glee.

12. Mrs. Martin did not say what she thought. She gave one look at the clothes lying in the mud, and then, catching up a broom, she made a rush at the naughty bird.

13. Cocky did not wait for the broom, but scrambled home as quickly as he could. He was closely followed by the angry lady, who told mother all about the muddy clothes.

14. After this cocky was always kept at home. Father netted in a large yard with room for our pet to fly a little, and covered it safely. There cocky lives to this day, and if a stranger comes near he will say "What do you think of that?"



## 32.—THE THREE BOYS (1)

board'-ing	iced	care'-ful
cur'-rants	pil'-low	sev'-er-al
rais'-ins	greed'-y	sniffed
le'-mon-peel	doc'-tor	nib'-bled

1. There was once a little boy whose name was Harry, and as he lived far away in the country, where there was no school, he was sent to a boarding-school in the city.

2. Harry loved school, and was really clever at his lessons, so that he soon became the top boy of his class.

When his mother heard this, she made a nice cake for him, and sent it to the school.

3. It was a very large cake, with plenty of currants, raisins and lemon peel in it, and it was iced all over with sugar.

When Harry saw it, he jumped for joy, and he would not wait for a knife to cut a piece, but bit into it like a little dog.







4. He ate till the bell rang for school, and at recess, and after school he was at it again until he went to bed. He even put what was left under his pillow, and sat up in the middle of the night to eat some more, and so the greedy boy went on till it was all gone.

5. The next day he was very sick, and they had to send for the doctor, who gave him some nasty bitter stuff to drink, which he didn't like at all, and, worse still, he had to stay at school, in bed, while all the other boys went off to the football match.

6. Now there was another boy at the same school whose name was Peter Careful.

Peter had written a letter to his mother, which was very neat, with not one blot in it, and she was so pleased that she sent him a cake.

7. Peter said to himself, "I will not make myself sick as greedy Harry did, but will keep my cake and make it last as long as I can."

8. So he took it upstairs and locked



it in his box, and once a day he crept up when none of the other boys was about, ate a little piece of his cake, and quickly locked it up again.

9. Even after several weeks his cake was not all gone, for it was a very large one. But one night some little mice playing about sniffed the nice cake, and quickly making a hole in the box they nibbled with their sharp teeth until it was all gone, so selfish Peter did not enjoy so much of it after all.

### 33.—THE THREE BOYS (2)

par'-cel	fid'-dle	fel'-lows
swarm	thanked	trem'-bled
al'-most	hun'-gry	fetch'd
good'-tem-pered	to-mor'-row	al'-ways

1. In this very same school was a third little boy whose name was Jim, and because he was always kind and good-tempered, his mother also sent him a cake.



2. When it came, Jim undid the parcel before all the other boys at play time, and said, "Here, you fellows, look what my mother has sent me! Come on, and help me to eat it."

3. They did not have to be asked twice, but came round him like a swarm of bees. They each had a big slice until it was almost gone, and they thanked Jim and said that he was a good chap to share with them.

4. There was a piece left which Jim put away, saying he would eat it to-morrow, and then they all went off to have some merry games together.

5. While they were at play an old blind man came into the school-yard. He had a fiddle under his arm, and a dear little dog on a string to lead him.

6. He sat down on a bench, and said, "Boys, if you like I will play you a tune," so they left their game and came and stood around him while he played many tunes both sad and gay.

7. Jim saw that while he played his hands trembled, and his eyes were full



of tears, so he asked him what was the matter.

8. "Oh," said the poor blind man, "it makes me sad to think that once I was young and happy like you, and now I am old and blind with no one to care for me, and nothing in the world but my fiddle and my dog. I cannot work because I am blind, and often I have to go hungry."

9. Without saying a word Jim ran in and fetched the rest of his cake, which he put into the old man's hand, and when the poor old fellow thanked him, Jim felt more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

10. Which boy do you like best: Harry, Peter or Jim?

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To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind, and good  
As children ought to be.



## 34.—THE SILLY LITTLE FISH

in'-no-cent	sil'-ly	faint'-er
hor'rid	ven'-ture	fee'-ble
sharp'-ness	trout	mind'-ed

1. "Dear mother," said the little fish,  
"Pray is that not a fly?  
I'm very hungry, and I wish  
You'd let me go and try."  
"Sweet innocent," the mother said,  
And started from her nook;  
"That horrid fly is put to hide  
The sharpness of a hook."
2. Now, as I've heard, this little trout  
Was young and silly too;  
And so, he thought he'd venture out  
To see what he could do.  
And round about the fly he played,  
With many a longing look;  
And often to himself he said,  
"That cannot be a hook!"
3. "I can but give one little pluck  
To try, and so I will!"  
Then, on he went, and lo! it stuck  
Quite through his little gill!  
And, while he faint and fainter grew,  
With feeble voice he cried,  
"Dear mother, if I'd minded you,  
I need not now have died."



35—.BERT'S VISIT TO  
THE FARM (1)

Nor'-wood	Ar'thur	holiday
Thurs'day	Gum-bow'-ie	lug'-gage
tim'-id	ar-rived'	cous'-ins
tied	stooks	sheaves
pad'-dock	e-nough'	

1. Bert Barker was a little boy, nine years of age, who lived at Norwood with his father and mother.

2. He had been very ill for some weeks, and when he was able to get about again his cheeks were still pale and his legs thin and weak.

3. One day Bert's father said to him "Your Uncle Arthur has asked you to spend a fine long holiday on his farm, and mother will take you there next Thursday."

4. Bert could hardly wait for Thursday to come, but at last he and his mother were safely on board the train.

5. When they reached Gumbowie station they found Uncle Arthur waiting for them with his bright new motor car.



6. As soon as he had stacked all the luggage he took the wheel, and away went the car, so swiftly, that Bert felt rather timid at first. However, he soon got over that.

7. When they arrived at the farm, Auntie Ethel and all his cousins came out to meet them.

8. It did not take long to carry the luggage inside, and when Bert had washed his face and hands and brushed his hair he found that dinner was ready.

9. His long ride had made him very hungry, so that he was glad to sit down at the table. Auntie had roasted a fine fat turkey and made a big apple pie, so Bert enjoyed his meal very much.

10. The next day he went out to watch the men cut the hay. The big horses pulled the heavy binder, which cut the crop and tied it into bundles, called sheaves. Bert thought that this was wonderful.

11. His cousins carried the sheaves and stacked them in heaps; they called this "stooking." Bert lifted a sheaf or



two, but found them rather heavy, so he sat on a "stook" and watched the others work.

12. He did not go out in the paddocks every day, but often played among the



sheds. Sometimes he went out with Towser the sheep-dog to bring in the cows.

13. Towser knew where to go, and would soon start the cows for home.



If they tried to go the wrong way he would run behind them and bark.

14. One old cow took no notice of this, so Towser gave her heel a nip; that was enough for Mrs. Cow, and she kept to the proper track.

### 36.—BERT'S VISIT TO THE FARM (2)

af'-ter-noon'	sur-prise'	es-cape'
brood'-y	fam'-il-y	piec'-es
trol'-ley	tongue	hor'-rid
shoul'-der	reins	pleas'-ant

15. In the afternoons Bert would hunt for eggs. He soon found where the nests were, and I am sorry to say that he sometimes drove the hens off so that he could get the eggs.

16. But one day he got a great shock. He tried to make a hen leave her nest, and at last even gave her a poke.

17. To his great surprise this hen did not get off, but ruffled up her feathers and flew at him. Before he could escape she had given his leg such a sharp peck that he ran off to the house crying.



18. "Ah," said his auntie, "that is a broody hen; she wants to sit upon those eggs until they are hatched. Then she will have a family of little fluffy chickens.

19. Some days afterwards Bert saw this same hen walking proudly about with ten dear little chickens around her. Whenever she found anything that was nice to eat she would break it up into tiny pieces with her beak, and then call her babies to the feast.

20. When the hay was dry the men went out with the trolley. They stuck their pitchforks into the sheaves and tossed them up into it.

21. Bert and Towser went out with the men, and they had great fun chasing the mice that ran away when the stooks had been moved.

22. Once, however, the little boy had a great fright. A big brown snake had been sleeping under the sheaves, and when they were lifted it raised its ugly head with an angry hiss.

23. Bert saw its forked tongue darting



in and out, and he began to run away. But one of the men called to him to come back, and when he turned he saw that the man had killed the horrid snake with his pitchfork.



24. When the trolley was loaded, the driver helped Bert climb on top of the load, and he had a jolly ride, lying on the clean, sweet-smelling hay.

25. When Uncle Arthur took some of the hay to the township Bert went



with him, and the boy was very proud as he stood on the front-board of the trolley, with his uncle's arm around his shoulder.

26. The eight strong horses pulled them steadily along, and Bert felt quite a man when his uncle allowed him to hold part of the reins. Bert thought he was driving, but I think his uncle took care to keep a good grip as well.

27. The warm sun made the little fellow as brown as a berry, and the fresh air made him so hungry that he ate a great deal of dairy butter and yellow cream, to say nothing of very many nice fresh eggs.

28. All this good food soon took away the thin look he had when first he came to the farm, and made him stout and strong.

29. At last it was time to go back to Norwood. Uncle's motor car gave him another ride, and after a pleasant time in the train he found himself back in his own home.

30. His father was very pleased to see



him, and called him a fat little farmer. "What have you done with your pale face?" said he. "Oh!" replied Bert, "I changed it for this brown one at uncle's farm."



### 37.—GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

sew'-ing  
smoothed  
fold'-ed

cu'-ri-ous  
neighed  
lowed

vi'-o-lets  
fa'-vour-ite  
beau'-ti-ful

1. A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;  
Then, smoothed her work, and folded it  
right,  
And said : " Dear work, good-night, good-  
night ! "



2. Such a number of crows flew over her head,  
Crying "Caw ! caw ! caw !" on their way  
to bed ;  
She said, as she watched their curious  
flight,  
" Little black things, good-night, good-  
night ! "
3. The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over  
the road ;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
" Good little girl, good-night, good-night ! "
4. She did not say to the sun " Good-night ! "   
Though she saw him there, like a ball of  
light ;  
For she knew that he had God's time to  
keep  
All over the world, and never could sleep.
5. The tall, pink foxglove bent his head ;  
The violets bowed, and went to bed ;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.
6. And, while on the pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was  
day ;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
" Good-morning, good-morning ; our work  
is begun."



## 38.—JOEY—A TRUE STORY

vis'-it-or

trous'-er

sur-prise'

coax

Dec-em'-ber

tel'-e-gram

Glad'-ys

po-lice'-man

tongue

Noar'-lunga

Ad'-e-laide

dread'-ful



1. Have you ever seen a Blue Mountain parrot? What a beautiful bird he is, with his bright green back and his blue velvet head. He has scarlet feathers on his breast, and red and yellow colours under his wings.

2. The first parrot I ever saw was at Second Valley. He was in a small cage, left behind by a visitor, and nobody seemed to care for him.

3. As I stood watching him, a woman came out with a dipper of dirty soap-suds, which she splashed into the cage. She called it "giving that bird a bath."

4. The "bath" knocked him off his perch, and there he sat in the dirty



swamp. Poor Joey! How wet and miserable he looked!

5. "Would you sell him to me?" I asked. "Five shillings," said the woman. "Take him and welcome." I gladly paid the five shillings, and Joey was mine. Then I sent a telegram to my brother. It said, "Get-big-cage-ready-bringing-lovely-parrot." Next day I set out for Adelaide.

6. It was a hot December day, and as we climbed to the top of the old mail-coach, Joey chattered to himself very gaily. He poked his head through the wires of the cage, and winked his round eye at me, and nibbled my basket when I was not looking.

7. But the sun grew hotter and hotter. Phew! The top of that old coach felt as if it were burning. By the time we changed horses at Noarlunga, Joey was very quiet, and when I looked at him, he was lying huddled up on the floor of the cage with his eyes closed.

8. All day long we travelled, and at seven o'clock we drew up at the Post Office. My brother and sister were



there to meet me, and the first thing they said was, "Where's the parrot?" Then they said, "Poor little fellow," for Joey looked as sick as a bird could be.

9. We took him home and put him in a big cool cage. "He will be dead before morning," said my brother. I tried to coax Joey to eat. I beat up an egg in some milk, and gave him some in a spoon. He put out his tongue and tried it and after a little, drank a whole spoonful. Then we left him to go to sleep.

10. Next morning, to our surprise, he was chattering to himself, and looking at his new cage. "Come, Joey," I said, and put my hand through the door. He sat on my hand and rubbed his beak against my thumb. He was not at all afraid. So I drew out my hand, and Joey came out too.

11. From that day he was our loving little pet. Wherever we went, Joey came hopping after us. He knew each one of us, and greeted us each morning.



He watched the gate like a policeman. Every time that gate opened he gave a shrill warning cry. He was the best watch-dog we ever had.

12. He hated the butcher, and always chased him through the gate, but he liked the milkman, and would catch hold of the bottom of his trouser to hurry him to the back-door. Then he would call out for his breakfast of milk and sugar.

13. Ah, but Joey was naughty too. When the three cats, Ginger, and Gladys, and Lizzie, were having dinner, he would suddenly rush between them, scatter them with his shrill cry, and nibble at their bones just to show that he was the boss. There they would sit in a ring, Ginger pretending that he was not hungry, Gladys looking sulky, and old Lizzie making dreadful faces.

14. Every morning he bathed in a big dish of clean water. He would climb up on a high branch, and sit there drying his feathers and grumbling at the sparrows who dared to come near him.



15. He liked to stay up late too, just as little boys do. "Time for bed, Joey," we would say. "Yes-tis, yes-tis," he would answer, and climb out of reach. But *we* knew what to do. "Where's pussy?" we would say. "Nice pussy. Put nice pussy in Joey's bed." Down he would come heels over head. "No-no, no-no, no-no, Joey nice boy," he would cry, and scramble into bed. Would you not love to have a Blue Mountain Parrot like this for a pet?

### 39.—THE FLAG GOES BY

1. Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of colour beneath the sky,

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

2. Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel tipped ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colours before us fly,

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.



3. Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
And loyal hearts are beating high,

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

#### 40.—THE WISHING CAP (1)

peo'-ple

young

want'-ed

cru'-el

an'-swered

chance

fair'-y

fair'-ies

touch

1. Once upon a time there was a small boy named James. He was not a nice boy and very few people liked him.

2. He was very greedy. He could not bear to see any other child have anything. If his young brother had a hoop he tried to take it from him. If a playmate had a bag of sweets, James wanted them all for himself.

3. When his side was "in" at cricket he wanted to bat all the time. When his side was "out" he wanted to bowl all the time. If the boys were playing football he wanted most of the kicks.

4. He wanted everything nice that he



saw, and was unhappy when he could not get it. He was indeed a very greedy boy.

5. One day this greedy boy went for a walk in a wood. Suddenly he heard a tiny little scream. He turned round



and saw a thick bush. In the bush was a funny little man caught fast in a rabbit-trap.

6. "Help, Help, Help!" cried the little man. "Set me free, set me free, I pray you." James looked at him, "I can help you, but I am not going to do it



for nothing. What will you give me if I let you out?"

7. "Anything; everything!" cried the funny little man; "only take me out of this cruel trap at once, please."

"All in good time," said James in his bad-mannered way; "you are a fairy, I can see by your dress."

8. "Yes, yes," said the funny little man; "take me out please; this rabbit trap hurts me." James replied, "You have a wishing-cap about you, have you not?"

9. "Yes, yes," said the little man, "take me out, please, I am in great pain." "Where is your wishing cap?" asked James; "I want it." The little man answered, "In my pocket. Oh! do take me out."

10. James said, "Let me see; if you fairies put on the wishing cap, and wish, you have your wish, do you not?" "Yes, yes," cried the little man.

11. "Then give me your cap and I shall let you out," said greedy James. "Oh! I cannot, I cannot," cried the



little man; "it is not mine to give."

12. "Then you can stay where you are; I am not going to help you," said James, as he walked away.

13. He had gone only a few steps when he heard the little man calling, "Come back, you cruel boy. If you will set me free I shall give you the wishing cap. Before very long you will wish you had never touched it."

14. "All right," said James, "I shall chance that." The fairy pulled the cap out of his pocket and gave it to the boy, who then opened the rabbit trap and set him free.

#### 41.—THE WISHING CAP (2)

choc-'o-lates

head'-ache

grant'-ed

mil'-lion

touched

clothes

shar'-ing

be-cause'

suf'-fered

1. James was very much pleased with himself. He took the wishing cap and put it on his head. "Now I am going to have a fine time," he said. "What



shall I wish for first? I know. I wish I had a million chocolates."

2. In a moment the chocolates came tumbling down in a shower. They were hard, and they pelted him like hailstones. Oh! they did hurt. James began to



run, but he could not get away from the chocolates.

3. He felt like crying because he was suffering such pain. At last he said, "I wish there were not any chocolates at all." He looked around, but not one chocolate could be seen. He sat on a



stone and held his head in his hands, because he had such a splitting headache.

4. Soon he felt better. He said to himself, "I must be careful about my next wish. I must wish for something that will not hurt me. What shall it be? I know. I wish for a bright new shilling."

5. In a moment he saw a shilling on the ground. He stooped to pick it up, but hundreds of little sparks flew out and pricked his fingers. Again and again he tried to pick it up, but every time he touched it the sparks flew out, and oh! they did prick.

6. Again he sat on a stone. He blew on his poor fingers, for he was in great pain. "They burn like fire," he cried, "Oh, how I wish that they were cool!"

7. In a moment his wish was granted, for he felt himself lifted forward. Then down he went head first into a deep pool. He sank right to the mud at the bottom, and then came up with his mouth full of dirty water.

8. He felt sure that he would be drown-



ed, and he cried aloud for help. Just then he saw a branch of a tree right above him. He caught hold of the branch and pulled himself out of the water.

9. Greedy James crawled up the bank, and stood at the top in his wet and muddy clothes. You never saw such a sight. His wishing cap had gone. He had lost it in the pool.

10. As he stood shivering he heard a little laugh, and for just one moment he saw the face of the funny little man; then it had gone again.

11. He went home slowly, thinking and thinking. His mother was very angry with him, and sent him to bed for the rest of the day because of his dirty clothes.

12. The funny little man had taught James a lesson, and James learnt it well. He is not half so greedy now. Only yesterday he lent his little brother his best top, and this morning I saw him sharing his own apple with his sister.



## 42.—ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

1. All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.
2. Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.
3. The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky.
4. The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden—  
He made them every one.
5. The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day.
6. He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

—MRS. ALEXANDER.



## 43.—A STORY OF LONG AGO

## PART 1

1. Once upon a time, in a far-away country, high up among the mountains, there lay a beautiful valley called the Valley of Enna.

The goats that climb so high, and the sheep that wander over the mountains loved to visit the valley, for the grass was so sweet, and the clear water sparkled in the sunshine.

But none of the shep-herds had ever climbed so far, and so they knew nothing about this beautiful place.

2. In the Valley of Enna lived Mother Ce-res, the wise old Earth-Mother who watches over all things that grow. She taught the seeds to sprout, she cared for the flowers and the crops and the young living things all over the world.

3. But dearest of all to Mother Ce-res, was her own little daughter Per-se-phon-e. For Persephone was full of joy and laugh-ter. Her hair was like the golden corn-fields, and her cheeks like



the apple-blossoms which come in the spring-time.

4. One day some little friends came up from the big river to play with Persephone. What a time they had! Their little bare feet scampered over the soft green grass. All round them the flowers sent out their sweetest per-fume. There were vi-o-lets and lil-ies, for-get-me-nots and roses, buttercups and daf-fo-dils, and the purple iris looked very handsome in its bed of long green leaves.

5. "Let us gather these beautiful flowers," cried the children. They ran here and there, this way and that, until their arms were full, but always there seemed to be pret-ti-er blooms a little far-ther on.

6. All at once, Persephone spied a wonderful big flower some distance away. "O come and see," she cried, and, dropping the flowers she had already picked, she ran towards it. But the others were a little way off, and so busy that they did not hear their playmate call.



7. It was the biggest and strangest flower that Persephone had ever seen, and it was spotted just like a snake. "Perhaps it is pois-on-ous," said Persephone. "I must show it to the others." She tried to pluck it. The strong stalk would not break. "Perhaps I can pull it up by the roots," she said. She pulled and tugged, she tugged and pulled. Yes, the soil began to crack and loos-en.

8. Suddenly a deep, low, rumbling seemed to come up from the middle of the earth. She pulled again. The rumbling grew louder and louder, until it seemed like a great deep hollow roll of thunder. Then, all at once, while Persephone stood trembling with the flower in her hand, there was a mighty crash, the earth split open before her, and from a great yawn-ing cave there sprang four fi-ery coal-black horses. Behind the horses came a golden char-i-ot, and in the char-i-ot sat a King.

9. Persephone knew at once that he



was a king by the golden crown upon his head, but his face was so dark, so grim, and so gloomy, that she just stood there star-ing, too frightened to move. Bending forward, the strange king snatched up the little maid, and although she screamed and screamed, he whipped up his horses, and drove away at full gal-lop.

## PART II.

1. Far off across the sea, Mother Ceres was busy helping the people to bring in the har-vest, when, faint-ly, across the distance, she heard her daughter's cry.

2. Swift as a bird came the mother, across the sea and the rivers, across the plains and the mountains—homeward. "Persephone! Persephone!" she called. But there was no answer, nothing but the faint echo of the mountains wail-ing "Persephone! Persephone!"

3. Nowhere was her daughter to be seen. Here and there, and here and there ran poor Mother Ceres; but no



Persephone could she find. Then she sent her messenger, the big white crane, to search the earth.

“Fly north and south and east and west,” she said, “and bring me news of my daughter.”

4. North and south and east and west flew the great white crane, but he brought no news to Ceres, for nobody had seen the little maid with the golden hair and apple-blossom cheeks.

5. At last the poor mother thought of the bright Sun-god who sees all things from his high place in the heavens. He was just setting out to drive his golden chariot across the sky, but he held back his prancing horses for one moment to listen to Ceres.

6. “Yes,” said he, “I can tell you what happened, Mother Ceres. It was Pluto, the King of the Underworld, who stole your daughter. He has carried her away to brighten up his gloomy palace.”

7. Then Ceres began to weep very bitterly, for she knew that Pluto would



never let Persephone come back. She hid herself away and spoke to nobody, and she cried and cried because Persephone was gone.

No longer did she watch the little seeds that sprout and grow. No longer did she care for the beautiful flowers. The sparkling water dried up, the grass turned brown, the trees lifted their thin bare branches, and the starving sheep bleated pit-i-fully as they wandered over the bare earth.

#### 45.—A STORY OF LONG AGO (3)

1. Ju-pi-ter, the great god-spirit, saw all this. He knew that something must be done, for if Ceres did not do her work, all living things would die.

So he sent his swiftest messenger, Her-mes, who wears little wings on his sandals, to ask Pluto whether Ceres might see her daughter once more.



2. Hermes set off, and soon his winged feet had carried him to Pluto's dark palace. Persephone smiled and danced for joy when she heard what Hermes had to say, and pleaded so hard that Pluto could not refuse her. But just as she was ready, he said, "Do not go, little Persephone, until you have eaten some fruit from my garden. Here is a rosy pom-e-gran-ate."

3. Persephone took the fruit, and taking four seeds, just to please Pluto, was caught up by Hermes, and carried to the upper world. Ceres sprang up at the sound of her daughter's voice, and soon they were in each other's arms. How they talked! Persephone told all about the strange flower, and King Pluto, and the sad dark palace.

4. "But, my dear child," said Ceres, anx-ious-ly, "did you eat anything while you were in Pluto's kingdom?" "Only four pomegranate seeds," laughed Persephone.

But Mother Ceres did not laugh, for she knew that Persephone could not



stay if once she had eaten of King Pluto's fruit.

She cried aloud in her sorrow, "O Jupiter, help me to keep my child!"

5. And great Jupiter listened to Ceres.

"Thus it shall be," said he. "For four months in the year—one month for each seed she has eaten—Pluto may claim Persephone, but for the other eight months of the year she shall stay with her Mother Ceres."

6. So Ceres went back to the Valley of Enna. The little seeds woke up and began to sprout, the springs sent up their waters, the trees put on new leaves, the birds came back, the lambs frisked gaily in the fields, and for eight months Mother Ceres saw that the flowers blossomed, the corn ripened, and all was well.

7. But when the time came for Persephone to go back to Pluto, then Ceres went back to her shad-owy cave, and once more the grass dried, and the leaves fell from the trees.

But people said "Persephone will



return, and then Mother Ceres will care for her children again."

8. And every year we can tell when Persephone comes, for the beautiful flowers of spring come with her. And every year we can tell when Persephone goes, for while Ceres hides in her shadowy cave, the trees of winter are bare, and the flowers sleep.

#### 44.—LITTLE TADPOLES

Mistress Frog once laid some eggs  
In a pond so deep,  
Funny little round black things,  
Huddled in a heap.  
There she left them all alone,  
In their jelly coating,  
Left them in the cold March wind  
On the water floating.  
Very soon kind Mr. Sun  
Saw those eggs so small;  
So he said, "I'll shine on them  
Warm them, one and all."  
Then those funny little things  
Wriggled all about;  
Wriggled in their jelly coat,  
Till they wriggled out.



Only heads and tails had they,  
Not a leg between them;  
And they looked like tiny fish,  
If you could have seen them.  
Tadpoles we must call them now,  
To the weeds they cling,  
Cling together in a row,  
You'll find them ev'ry spring.

Soon some legs begin to peep,  
Hind ones first you know;  
And the tail begins to shrink,  
Then the front legs grow.  
When the tail has disappeared,  
There's a fine young frog;  
Sometimes living on the land,  
Often in the bog.

Froggy has a big wide mouth,  
And a tongue so queer,  
With which he catches little flies  
And other insects near.  
By and by, when summer's gone,  
'Way he'll go you know,  
To the bottom of a pond  
To sleep the winter through.















